

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Washington Divine's Sunday Sermon.

An Eloquent Plea for Famine Sufferers in a Distant Land.

Text: "This is Abissuria which reigns from India even unto Ethiopia."—Esther I, 1.

Among the 773,693 words which make up the Bible only once occurs the word "India." In this part of the Scriptures, which the rabbi call "Megillah Esther," or the volume of Esther, a book sometimes complained against because the word "God" is not even once mentioned in it, although one rightly disposed can see God in it from the first chapter to the last, we have it set forth in the story of the Jews who invaded Greece with 2,000,000 men, but returned in a poor fisher's boat, had a vast dominion, among other regions, India. In my text India takes its place in Bible geography, and the interest in that land has continued to increase until, with more and more enthusiasm, all around the world the Hishon Heber's hymn about "India's coral strand" is being sung. Never will I forget the thrill of anticipation that went through my body and mind and soul when after two weeks' tossing on the seas around Ceylon and India—for the winds did not, according to the old hymn, "blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle"—our ship sailed into the mouths of the Ganges, past James and Mary island, so named because a royal ship of that name was wrecked there, and stepped ashore at Calcutta, amid the shrines and the temples and the crowds that City of Palaces, the strange physiognomies of the living and the cremations of the dead. I had never expected to be there, because the time of the year was not auspicious, but the facilities of travel are so increasing that you and your children will probably visit that land of boundless fascination.

Christ during His earthly stay was never outside of Asia. When He had sixteen or eighteen years to spare from His active work, instead of spending that time in Europe I think He goes farther toward the heart of Asia than any other man. He says nothing of Christ from twelve years of age until thirty, but there are records in India and traditions in India which represent a strange, wonderful, most excellent and supernatural life in India and about that time. I think Christ was there much of the time between His twelfth and His thirtieth year, but however that may be, Christ was born in Asia, suffered in Asia, died in Asia, and was buried in Asia, and all that makes me turn my ear more attentively toward that continent as I hear its cry of distress.

Besides that I remember that some of the most splendid achievements of the cause of that Asiatic Christ have been made in India. How the heart of every intelligent Christian beats with admiration at the mere mention of the name of Henry Martyn! Having read the life of our American David Brainerd, who gave his life to evangelizing our American savages, Henry Martyn goes forward to give his life for the salvation of India, dying from exhaustion of service at thirty-one years of age. Lord Macaulay, writing of him says: Here Martyn lies. In manhood's early bloom the Christian hero found a pagan tomb. Religion, sorrowing o'er her favorite son, points to the glorious trophies which he won. Immortal trophies! Not with slaughter red, nor stained with tears by friendless orphans shed, but trophies of the cross. In that dear name, through every scene of danger, toil and shame, onward he journeyed to that happy shore, where danger, toil and shame are known no more.

Is there in all history, secular or religious, a more wonderful character than William Carey, the converted shoemaker in England, daring all things for God in India, translating the Bible into many dialects, building chapels and opening mission schools and laying foundations for the redemption of the country, and although Sidney Smith, who sometimes laughed at things he ought not to have satirized, had in the learned Edinburgh Review scoffed at the idea of what he called "a white man in a brown coat" like Carey attempting to convert the Brahmins, Carey stopped not until he had started influences that eternally, no more than time, shall have power to arrest, 31,000 Bibles going forth from his printing presses at Serampore. His sublime humility showed itself in the epithet he ordered from the old gospel hymn: Wretched, poor and helpless worm, On thy kind arms I fall.

Need I tell you of Alphonse Lacroix, the Swiss missionary in India, or of William Butler, the glorious American Methodist missionary in India, or of the royal family of the Scudders of the Reformed Church in America, my dear mother church, to whom I give a kiss of love in passing, or of Dr. Alexander Duff, the Scotch missionary whose visit to this country some of us will remember for ever, who stood in the old Broadway tabernacle, New York, and pleaded for India until there was no other depth of religious emotion for him to stir and no loftier height of Christian eloquence for him to scale, and when he was returning of halleluiahs, I could believe that which was said of him—that while pleading the cause of India in one of the churches of Scotland he got so overworked that he fell in the pulpit in swoon and was carried into the vestry to be resuscitated, and when restored to his senses and preparation was being made to carry him out to some dwelling where he could be put to bed he compelled his friends to take him back to the pulpit to complete his plea for the salvation of India, no sooner getting on his feet than he began where he left off, but with more gigantic power than before he fainting. But just as noble as any I have mentioned are the men and women who are there now for Christ's sake and the redemption of that people. Far away from their native land, on one side and black plague on the other side, swamps breathing on them malaria, and jungles howling on them with wild beasts or hissing with cobras, the names of those missionaries and denominations to be written so high on the roll of martyrs that no names of the last 1900 years shall be written above them. You need to see them at their work in schools and churches and in their homes and in their households while I smile the dying lips of their slanderers.

Most interesting are the people of India. At Calcutta I said to one of their leaders, who spoke English well: "Have these idols which I see any power of themselves to help or destroy?" He said: "No; they only represent God. There is but one God." "When people die, where do they go?" "That depends upon what they have been doing. If they have been doing good, to heaven, and if they have been doing evil, to hell." "But do you not believe in the transmigration of souls, and that after death we go into birds or animals of some sort?" "Yes. The last creature of all I think of while dying is the one into which he will go. If he is thinking of a beast, he will go into a beast." "I thought you said that at death the soul goes to heaven or hell?" "He goes there by a gradual process. It may take him years and years." "Can any one become a Hindu? Could I become a Hindu?" "Yes, you could." "How could I become a Hindu?" "By doing as the Hindus do." "From that continent of interesting folk, from that continent that gave the Christ, from that continent which has been con-

deared by so many missionary heroes, there comes a groan of 80,000,000 people in hunger. More people are in danger of starving to death in India to-day than in any one population of the United States. In the famine in India in the year 1877, about 6,000,000 people starved to death. That is more than all the people of Washington, of New York, of Philadelphia, of Chicago, put together. But that famine was not a tenth part as awful as the one there now raging. Twenty thousand are dying there of famine every day. Whole villages and towns have died—every man, woman and child; none left to bury the dead. The jackals are the only pallbearers. Though some help has been sent, before full relief can reach them I suppose there will be at least 10,000,000 dead. Starvation, and now in the winter, is an awful process. No food, the vital snaw upon themselves, and faintness and languor and pangs from tend to foot, and horror and despair and misery take full possession.

One handful of wheat or corn or rice per day would keep life going, but they cannot get a handful. The crops failed, and the millions are dying. Oh, it is hard to be in a world where there are enough grain and fruit and meat to fill all the hungry mouths on the planet; but, alas, that the sufferer and the supply cannot be brought together. There stands India today looking at her. Her face is dusky from the hot suns of many centuries; under her urban such aching of brow as only a dying nation feels; her eyes hollow with unnumbered weep; the tears rolling down her cheeks; her back bent with more agonies than she knows how to bear; her eyes containing nothing but ashes. Gaunt, wasted, the dew of death upon her forehead and a pallor such as the last of her days, she stretches forth her trembling hands toward us, and with hoarse whisper she says: "I am dying! Give me bread! That is what I want! Bread! Give it to me quick. Give it to me now—bread! Bread! America has heard the cry. Many thousands of dollars have already been contributed. One ship laden with breadstuffs has sailed from San Francisco for India. Our senate and our sympathetic president, have authorized the secretary of the navy to charter a vessel to carry food to the famine sufferers, and you may help fill that ship. We want at least 600,000 bushels of corn, that will save the lives of at least 1,000,000 people. Many will respond in contributions of money, and the barns and corncries of the entire United States will pour a cornucopia of food. Now, we will ask him who holds the winds in his hand and plants his triumphant foot on stormy waves to let nothing but good happen to the ship that will anchor in Bengal or Arabian waters. They who have contributed of money or breadstuffs toward filling that relief ship will favor their own food for their lifetime with appetizing through the promise of him who said, "Blessed is he that considers the poor; the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble." Oh, what a relief ship that will be! It shall not turn a screw nor hoist a sail until we have had something to do with its cargo. Just seventeen years ago from these Eastern times a ship on similar errand went out from New York harbor—the old war frigate Constellation. It had once carried guns of death, but there was famine in Ireland, and the Constellation was loaded with 500 tons of food. That ship, once a warrior with smoke of battle, then covered with Eastern hosannas, that ship, constructed to battle England, going forth over the waters to carry relief to some of our starving subjects. Better than sword into plowshare, better than spear into pruning hook was that old war frigate, turned into a white-winged angel of redemption, to roll away the stone from the mouth of Ireland's sepulchre. On like errand five years ago the ship Leo put out with many tons of food for famine stricken Russia. One Saturday afternoon on the deck of that steamer, as she lay at Brooklyn wharf, a wondrous scene took place. A committee of food for famine stricken Greece to acknowledge her defeat, when they will step in and end hostilities. No decisive engagement between the combatants is reported.

Col. John Hay, the newly appointed United States ambassador to Great Britain, and Mrs. Hay were presented to Queen Victoria at Windsor Castle.

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never thought of before. I had noticed that the clock is God's favorite figure, and upon that subject I addressed you some time ago, but it did not occur to me until now that the gospel seems to be moving in a circle. It started in Asia, Bethlehem; Asiatic villages; Jordan; the Asiatic river; Calvary, an Asiatic mountain. Then this gospel moved on to Europe. Witness the chapels and churches and cathedrals and Christian universities of that continent. Then it crossed to America. It has prayed and preached and sung its way across our continent. It has crossed to Asia, visiting the Sandwich Islands in its way, and now in the great Asiatic cities on the coast of China people are slaying "Book of Ages" and "There is a Fountain Filled With Blood," for you must know that the Asiatic tongues, but also the evangelical hymns. My missionary brother, John, translated some of them into Chinese, and Mr. Gladstone gave me a copy of the hymn, "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," which he had translated into Greek. The Christ who seems spent six or eight years of His life in India is there now in spirit, converting and saving the people by hundreds of thousands, and the Gospel will be sent through Asia until the story of the Saviour's birth will anew be made known in Bethlehem, and the story of a Saviour's coming will anew be made known around Mount Calvary, and the story of His ascension be told anew on the shoulder of Mount Olivet. And then do you not see the circle will be complete? The glorious circle, the circle of our world!

May 19, was a memorable day, for then was laid the last tie that connected the two rail tracks which united the Atlantic Pacific oceans. The Central Pacific railroad was built from California eastward. The Union Pacific railroad was built westward. They were within arm's reach of meeting, only one more piece of the rail track to put down. A great audience assembled in the city of Omaha, last tie laid. The locomotives of the eastern and western trains stood panting on the tracks close by. Oration explained the occasion, and prayer solemnized it, and music enlivened it. The tie was a polished laurel wood, bound with silver bands, and three spikes were used—a gold spike, presented by California; a silver spike, presented by Nevada, and an iron spike presented by Arizona. When all heads uncovered and all hearts thrilling with emotion, the hammer struck the last spike into its place, the cannon boomed, and the surrounding mountain echoes and the telegraphic instruments elicited to all nations that the deed was done. My friend, if the laying of the last tie that bound the east and the west of our continent together was such a rejoicing occasion, what will it be when the last tie of the track of gospel influence, reaching clear around the world, shall be laid amid the anthems of all nations? The spikes will be the golden and silver spikes, and out of the Christian generosity of the hemispheres. The last hammer stroke that completes the work will be heard by all the captured and piled up galleries of the universe, and the mountain of earth will shout to the throne of heaven: "Halleluiah, for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth! Halleluiah, for the kingdoms of this world have become the kingdoms of our Lord Jesus Christ!"

The situation in the Greece-Turkish war seems to be that the powers are waiting for Greece to acknowledge her defeat, when they will step in and end hostilities. No decisive engagement between the combatants is reported.

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Relegated to the Garret. Another of the miseries to which the President of the United States must submit is the gift-maker. Fortunately the White House has a garret, and to this unwelcome offerings are consigned. It is the duty of the president's private secretary to receive all gifts and acknowledge them when advisable. Enough patent medicines are stored in the garret to stock a drug store. Many owners of patent medicines send a sample of their wares to the president in the vain hope of securing a testimonial or acknowledgment. Photographs there are by the thousand. Portraits of babies named after him are there by the score; some of them crayons in gilt frames, which probably cost the admiring parents many sacrifices. These are always acknowledged, the latter being signed by the president. When two photographs are sent the president signs one and returns it to the parents, when it is destined to become a family heirloom. During the last four years Mr. Cleveland has received enough mascots to last his descendants for the next fifty generations. Left hind feet of graveyard rabbits, coins and luck stones, each accompanied by a remarkable history carefully written by the giver, are strewn about the garret. The most unique gifts are those sent by homely country folk. Bed quilts of the "crazy" pattern, which quilts have taken years to sew and embroider; bits of rag carpet, one of them made from pieces of clothing worn by seven generations of the same family; knitted woolen panels depicting religious scenes, and hosts of similar things are strewn about, each and all of them unveiling a rich mine of kindly feeling for the ruler of the land.

To Grow Teeth. A Moscow dentist has solved the problem of supplying the human mouth with false teeth which will grow into the gums as firmly as natural ones. Doctor Zamensky has performed several successful operations on dogs as well as human beings. The teeth are made of gutta percha, porcelain or metal, as the case may be. At the root of the false tooth holes are made. Holes are also made up into the jaw. The tooth is then placed in the cavity. In a short time a soft, granulated growth finds its way from the patient's jaw into the holes in the tooth. This growth gradually hardens and holds the teeth in position. It is stated that it does not matter whether the cavity in which the tooth is to be placed is one from which a natural tooth has been recently drawn, or whether it has been healed for some years.

A Pin Race Party. If you ever lived in the country and attended a country fair, you have doubtless seen a potato race. A cousin of the potato race, called the pin race, may be played in the city, and it will be found to be jolly amusement for an evening party. Place two rows of pins on the carpet, one on each side of the room; the pins should be six inches apart; then at the word of command, the two players are to pick up one pin at a time, return with it, and place it in a bowl. The one who has picked up all the pins first, of course, wins. There is no stipulation as to which pin is to be first picked up. Counters may take the place of pins, or nuts would do; but pins are best because of the difficulty in picking them up. Some fun may be made by guessing who will be the winner in the pin race.

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